THE HUNTRESS

EDUCATION—*"The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty."*—JEFFERSON.

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THE HUNTRESS.

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SELECTED TALES.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. L. S. STEPHENS.

'Scold, scold! thump, thump, scold, scold, away?
There is no comfort in the house upon a washing day!'

It was very pleasant and agreeable for Miss Warner to return from a four years' residence at school, to be the richest and most accomplished belle of a country village It was pleasant to be engaged to a wealthy and handsome young man like Gilbert, but as she did not care for books, had no one but a widowed mother to bestow the flattery which schoolmates barter one with the other, as she detested all useful employment, it was to be expected that her time must pass somewhat heavily, especially after the first objects that presented themselves when she went to lounge away her mornings in the portico, where the sweet face of our Lida bent over her work, by the opposite window, and just beyond, the dark locks and white forehead of her own affianced husband—Miss Warner was not absolutely jealous but she was very idle, and so, naturally enough, began to think it just possible that the country milliner might have received something worth looking at from town. One morning, she was seen crossing the highway, elaborately dressed, with delicate peach blossom gloves on her pretty hands' with a deep fringed parasol guarding her face from the sun. There was a great deal of artificial grace in her step as she glided over the green sward, and the little affected knock which she gave to the milliner's door was eloquent of high breeding. Then there was the patronizing bend to Miss Smith, the gracefully extended hand to Gilbert, and the quiet stare at poor Lida, who sat blushing like a guilty thing by the window—Gilbert touched his lips to her peach blossom glove, but when he saw the supercilious look fixed on Lida, he dropped it again and a dash of color swept over his forehead. Miss Smith was full of delight, exhibited all her ficery, and distilled more flattery in to a conversation of fifteen minutes, about blue ribbons and leghorn flats, than was ever bestowed in the same time on those ladies who purchase it by the year, in the form of 'a humble companion.'

Miss Warner's dignity was not of an order to withstand this incense to her vanity, and even if her affianced husband had not been a constant visiter, it is doubtful if the honeysuckle portico would not soon have been abandoned for the milliner's room and its gossiping freedom.

In less than a fortnight, the peach blossom gloves were soiled by constant use, and if Gilbert was a feature in the milliner's shop, his lady-love haunted it almost as regularly as he did. She thought Miss Smith 'such a nice creature—such a dear, good soul—so capable of appreciating true elegance of manner—so very tasteful in her bonnets and fancy caps.' It was beautiful to see how condescending the sated Miss became, how useful she made herself in surpping up little bits of satin and how prettily she would ask Gilbert if he did not think she should not learn the trade, and other important questions, which must diversified the passage of Milton and Young, which he was reading with an agreeable variety.

The jealousy which springs from affection painfully aroused, cannot be divested of generosity, but that which arises from mortified vanity, is bitter and implacable. It was not long before Miss Smith became convinced that the gentle girl who sat listening with such intense interest to every word that dropped from the eloquent lips of lawyer Gilbert was his sole attraction to the room, and a few adroit words to his affianced bride were enough to arouse her attention to the damask color that came and went in the poor girls cheek whenever young Gilbert addressed her.

'Artiful wretch muttered the future bride setting her peral white teeth passionately together as she spoke, she scornful laugh, in which the milliner joined, she began practicing her steps in a distant corner of the room.

Gilbert went home that night with his affianced beside, and the next day he sent in a book for Lida, but avoided the milliner's room altogether. The young apprentice only saw him as he crossed the green toward the building; his countenance was very serious, and he seemed to avoid looking toward the window.

Just at night Miss Warner came in. She took the milliner into a distant part of the room and as they conversed in low voices, a scornful laugh now and then reached the apprentice, who had become nervous and sensitive' she scarcely knew why. Miss Smith followed her visiter to the entry.

'It is well I mentioned it in time, she said in a confidential whisper.

Miss Warner tore her glave as she attempted to draw it on.

'A pretty speculation for a washerwomans daughter? she said with curling lip.

'But he cared nothing about her, rejoined Miss Smith a little anxiously.

'No indeed, he was quite angry at the charge, and consented to stay from your room forever, if I desired it.

'She would have made a splendid mistress for the homestead up yonder, rejoined Miss Smith, with another low, disagrerable laugh, it is almost a pity she failed in her aim upon it.

'Splendid, exclaimed the bride, with a light mocking laugh, but no, no—I should not so much regard seeing him the son-in law of a washerwoman, but it would break my heart to know that any one but myself was mistress of the homestead and property.

'Hark, did you not hear some one moving in his office, said the milliner listening apprehensively.

Miss Warner listened a moment and then answered, in a faint voice—

'No it cannot be. I saw him going, to the house just as I came in!'

etaus move away from his door, there is no harm in that, whispered Miss Smith, and they walked down the entry conversing together After a little while the sound of their but half suppressed laughter filled that little apartment.

,It would be a capital joke, said the milliner.

'Just the punishment she deserves, presumptuous creature, was the reply.

'But can you persuade him to join us, was the next question.

'He shall!'

Gilbert was standing that night in the little portico of his bride's dwelling. It was a lovely evening every thing was deluged with a flood of pearly moonlight, and the dew lay like rain drops among the crimson flowers which shed a rich fragrance from the honeysuckle vine. She was by his side his arm had been around her waist, and but a few moments before his eyes had bent with tender and affectionate earnestness on her face, but now his arms were folded and he looked almost sternly upon her.

'Do you really desire this, Louisa?' he said, in a deep, constrained voice—would you ever respect me again, if I could do so cruel, so unmanly an act?'

'I will never love you again, if you do not!' was the petulant reply.

An expression almost of digust swept over the young man's face, and his lips trembled as he spoke.

'Tell me, have you been to Miss Smith's room to day?' he inquired.

'Yes—I was there just at sunset. But why do you ask?'

'No matter! Have you thought this all over, are you resolved to deceive this poor girl!'

Resolute!

'And you are willing that I devote myself to win her affections!'

'They are already given, without the trouble of asking.'

Gilbert's brow contracted in the moonlight, and the word Unwomanly!' was smothered between his compressed lips.

'And you will assist me—will tell her that you resign all claims on my hand—on the homestead and property?' he added, with a slight and bitter emphasis on the last words.

'She did not observe it, but answered eagerly—

'Yes—yes—I will do my part to perfection—how mortifying the truth will be when she thinks herself Mr. Gilbert and finds that it is all a joke.'

'But think of the shock it will give her pride and delicacy—'

'Add refinement—pray add refinement!—said the young girl, scornfully—'pride, delicacy and refinement are such common attributes to the daughters of our washerwomen!'

'You are only doing this to annoy me,' said the young man—'so good night, you will throw off the cruel with before morning.

'Shall I?' replied the girl, with a slow bend of the head.

Gilbert turned away, and taking up his hat, was about to leave the house, but she laid her hand on his arm, and looked smilingly in his face.

'They tell me the house is finished—will you take me to look at it in the morning?'

'If you desire it,' was the cold and abstracted reply.

'Well, I shall be ready at ten. Good night!' and gaily kissing her hand, the young creature glided into the house.

'It was her voice then, and she was planning this design with that infamous milliner. I would not believe my own senses, till she confirmed them. But she will not persist in any thing so cruel—it is absurd to suppose so. If she does—if she does, I will obey her.

As he muttered these words, the young man walked slowly from the house.

How melancholy poor Lida had been all the previous day—how many strange conjectures had passed through her brain regarding the remarkable absence of Mr. Gilbert. They haunted her all night, and in the morning, when she came along the foot-path through the fields tears stood in her eyes more than half the way. She had cast many a sad earnest gaze through the shop-window, before she saw Gilbert and Miss Warner coming through the opposite portico. The sight made the heart struggle with a throb of pain in Lida's bosom, and a mist came over her eyes till they could scarcely discern the needle with which she seemed occupied. They were coming toward the shop, and the sound of their footsteps in the entry made the young girl tremble in her [illegible].

'Come,' said Miss W[illegible] addressing the milliner, 'put on your [illegible] We are going up to the house and [illegible] ion.'

Miss Smith ran for her bo[illegible] r the first time in her life, the yo[illegible] dressed the apprentice.

'Get your sun-bonnet,' she said, 'you can go with us.'

The blood rushed over Lida's face, and she would have refused—but Miss Warner whispered a word to her lover, and he pressed Lida to go with such respectful earnestness, that she arose, tied on her little straw cottage, and was ready to attend them long before Miss Smith made her appearance.

The homestead was a large and superior old mansion for a country village. Its material was heavy, and touched with the brown tinge of age—the trees around it were majestic, and its shrubbery luxuriant; its furniture was that of another century, old fashioned and massive, but Gilbert had interspersed it with chairs and tables of lighter and more recent model—and the gloom which low ceilings give to an apartment was relieved by tall mirrors and modern windows, which were cut from ceiling to floor. Altogether, it was the dwelling which a domestic and studious person would have perferred above all others.

Lida had never seen any thing half so splendid before, but there was a heavy feeling at her heart which mere novelty could not dispel. She followed her conductors up the broad stairs, heard them admire the ballusters of dark mahogany, and walked through the chambers like one in a dream.—She was pale, bewildered and sick at heart, almost for the first time in her life.

There was one room on the first floor which Gilbert had fitted up exclusively for his bride. It had but one bay window, which opened upon the most verdant nook of the old fashioned garden—and this window required no drapery, for an immense white rose-tree was trained along the casement, till a profusion of thick green leaves and snowy blossoms dropped like a curtain over the upper part, and when the sash was open a storm of fragrant leaves fell like snow flakes all over the rich old easy chairs and moss-like carpet which decorated the room. One a curious little table, with legs carved and twisted together like a knot of serpents, lay a guitar. with an azure ribbon just attached, and as yet unused—a superb old book-case, crowded with neatly-bound volumes, stood opposite the bay window and a little French work-table, perfectly new, occupied a corner close by.

Miss Warner flung herself on a seat, and taking up the guitar, began to trifle with the strings, as she turned with an unpleasant smile toward Lida.

'How would you like this room for your own?' she said.

'Me?' said Lida, faintly—'I have never dreamed of living in such a place as this.

'But you can live here if you like,' replied the milliner.

'My mother was well off once, and she would not let me 'live out' for any thing,' said the apprentice, for she could only imagine that Miss Warner wished to engage her for ,help when she should take possession of the homestead besides I am not strong enough for very hard work!'

'Oh, we didn't mean that, replied the milliner; 'Mr Gilbert wants a wife and as this lady here has taken a fancy that he likes you rather better than he does her, she is quite willing that he makes you mistress of the homestead instead of herself.'

'Don't say so—it is cruel to joke in this manner, said the bewildered girl turning very pale; 'I am sure, quite sure that Mr, Gilbert never thought of me!' Lida spoke gastily, but in a faint voice, and she had a look of troubled doubt in her eyes, as if she almost esped they would contradict her.

'But he does think of you—he told me so last night, said Miss Warner and I am willing to give him up, what harm can come of it?'

'And could you give him up! said Lida, clasping her small hands with an energy which bespoke her astonishment that any one could resign, of her own free will, a being so perfect.

'Oh, Mr. Gilbert is not the only agreeable man on earth, replied the young lady, removing the azure ribbon from her neck, and laying down the guitar 'I am perfectly willing to resign him and any moment—so prepare for the wedding to-morrow, if you like?'

As she spoke, Miss Warner and her companion, glided from the room. Lida had no power to follow, she was confused and strengthless, a mist came over her sight, and sinking to a seat she covered her face with both hands, and remained in a state of mental bewilderment, almost unconscious of the solitude which surrounded her.

Miss Warner and the milliner met Gilbert in the hall, and both were laughing as they moved toward him.

'We have broken the ice for you said Miss Warner—'she is in the little room yonder, quite prepared for a proposal.'

'And you are really determined to carry this hoax to an end?' inquired the lawyer, gravely.

'Oh, by all means,' was the reply—'it really is ridiculous, the idea of her believing us. I wish you had seen her clasp those hands, and wonder how I could give you up.

(To be Continued.)

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY MAY 13, 1843.

THE GLOBE AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

The Globe editor has found another hole, in Mr. Tyler's coat, it refers to money advanced to Mr. Fletcher Webster the following is the matter complained of.

COMMUNICATION.

GADSBY'S HOTEL, MAY 3.

GENTLEMEN, Having just seen your article on Fletcher Webster, it strikes me you have rather under stated his salary as only $5,000. I understand it is quite certain and notorious here that he has drawn from the treasury $6,000 in advance, on account of his salary as Secretary of Legation, the truth of which you may readily ascertain. The usage, I believe, is to pay no more than half a year's salary in advance, and at that rate his salary should be $12,000. But surely he cannot have been allowed to draw for more than one year in advance, so that his annual salary cannot be less than $6,000; placing him on a level with the heads of departments, and better, by $1,000, than the Vice President of the United States, and how much better than the Chief Justice of the United States and his associates in the Supreme Court, I do not at this moment recollect whilst the secretaries of our most important legations in Europe—say, in England, France, Russia, and Austria receive not more than a third, or $2,000. Such ever is the game played with large contingent appropriations which Congress, by way of avoiding the pains of detailed legislation, carelessly leave to the discretionary disposal of a President and Secretary of State, both notorious for fattening herds of needy relations and base dependents at the public crib without shame and without stint. Under such circumstances, we may be thankful that the Secretary of State's FILIAL Secretary of Legation has not swallowed up the whole of the $40,000 appropriated indefinitely for the mission to China.

Yours,

VIATOR.'—GLOBE.

No man could make a fairer statement, or present the issue in better light. But when the *Globe* and its friends was at the head of the administration not a single dollar extravagantly, or illegallaly taken from the treasury was ever mentioned. These gentlemen know exactly where to look for the strong pulls upon the treasury, not that we justify the present administration, if the charge be true, but one who exposes the faults of others ought to have clean hands themselves.

When the Indian trust fund, was taken and used not a word was said. When the Navy funds were taken and used all was dark. When Croxall received his $32,00 per ann for doing nothing under pretence of being made collector at Camden N. J. all was dark, why did the Globe who is now so honest and its host of editors, not speak out then, as well as now, we do not [redacted] how rigid the opposition are, they cannot too much so, for the government has been [redacted] nocene and we should like to see [redacted] rogue linched. But we merely remind those men who reveled at will upon the the people for twelve years, who they are and what they did and that all their efforts tend to one point viz, to return to power again. No men had finer times thousand using money in handfuls until they spent every dollar in the treasury, and all they could beg steal or borrow until the treasury was empty and the credit of the country gone!

THE MADISONIAN.

Why don't you come out Jonney? Have you nothing to say to the Globe about these things. Wake up, and put on your armour.

The Globe asks "who is John.

WHO IS JOHN JONES?—It would move the mirth of natures graver than ours, to witness the antics cut by that ideal personage—John Jones. We say ideal—*for* it has, by some, been supposed that there is no such real person in existence! It is the belief of many that the name is a sort of blind, and that the real editors are a corps of stipendiaries and hangers-on, of the Administration—and that, sometimes, those who may be called a part of the "powers that be" contribute to the columns of the Madisonian, and write themselves into importance and magnitude. The supposition that the "Government organ" is the work of many hands, is justified by the fact that there is manifest disparity and discrepancy in its editorials—&c.

Aha! just as government clerks and hangers-on and Secretaries used write for the columns of the Globe. Why should the Globe object to what it practiced itself? Is the Globe the privilege lord over the people, that the editors, formerly almost every man in the government could act as they pleased and write what they pleased but no other dare to do so, hence we affirm the Globe and its cabal are subversive of liberty—that absolute POWER is their aim.

The Globe calls the Madisonian the "*Tyler* two-penny, if the Madisonian puts up with this, we shall question his welsh courage. But the Madisonian has no time to attend to the Globe, for rejoicing at the success of Mr. Wise, well then, the Globe will get a head of him look out Jonney, and stick to Benton, or he will "stocks the cards."

THE GLOBE and HON. SENATOR BUCHANAN.

Alas! Of the deciet of man, Hon; Senator Buchanan has stood by the Democracy for years just mark the deciet and hypocricy of the traitors. The following it is an insult to Mr. Buchanan 'pretty good cold bath.

From the *Pennsylvania* Keystone.

JAMES BUCHANAN,

"This enlightened statesman and pure patriot stands before the country the acknowledged champion of American principles. His great talents and his profound and illustrious services place him eminently above the pretty funds and dissentions of the mere politician. Capacious and comprehensive in his views of general policy, he is also powerful and convincing in argument, as well as zealous in maintaining those great and immutable principles which are the basis of our free institutions. As a statesman James Buchanan has few equals, and it is not disparaging the great and the gifted of our country, to say that he has no superiors. His policy is an enlightened one—his code of politics is of the most popular character—he recognises the sovereignty of the people in its broadest sense, and has rigidly carried out in practice, what he holds in theory—that, in public life, the agent of the people is bound to carry out the will of the people. He is not a latitudinarian in constitutional constructions, but has always kept himself clearly within the letter of this sacred instrument. True to his support of Pennsylvania principles, he is, how ever, not sectional in his feelings. He has always v[redacted]cated and maintained the integ rity [redacted] Union, and looked to the welcommon country. His claims, upon the Democracy of the Un[redacted] equal to those of any of the distin[redacted]d gentlemen named for the high and [redacted]rtant station of President of the United [redacted]tates. Pennsylvania will present him to the national convention, by a unied delegation,"

About once a fortnight or more, you will see some such batch of Dictionary flourishes as this dealt out to Mr. Buchanan. There is no doubt but Mr. B. Views their praise, or dispraise with the same indifference. Every word in this parade of Dictionary phrases's is stampt with the most bear faced impudence, as for the KEYSTONE we can not speak so positively. But thus far we can speak, that no *Democracy* (save the name) Editor DARE, to say a word not approved of by the Globe, the Globe is the Lord wellington the General in chief of the "PURE" Democracy "no no don't say a word till you get orders from the Globe" "you might ruin the cause" "we are only waiting to hear from head quarters" we are an ear witness to this and a hundred instances of the same purport, therefore if this fulsom eulogy be not actually written by one of the many editors of the Globe, it was not published with out their approbation.

This is humiliating even to the so called Democracy, to think that they have no will of their own. This is "true Democracy" a poor contemptable set of miscreant to submit to any man, much less a treasonable cabal. If we wanted further proof of this fact, it can be found in the uniform repetition of the same thing, in the Democracy papers from Maine to New Orleans, (or as we often hear them distinguished Locofoco, a fiddlestics end for the whole of them, call ye these FREEMEN? "Pure Democracy" and what is pure Democracy? Why to follow the dictates of the Globe alias 'Benton. The people are nobody. Col. Benton through his prime minister the Globe is all in all, and the moment any one dares to withdraw from the cabal, Oh! he is "traitor, a renegade, vide Isaac Hill and the Trenton man. "A traitor" to openly express a will of their own! Collar men is their "pure *Democracy*"—*ravaging* the county over, when they had the power in their own hands, under the name of Democracy.

Why do these pretended friends of Mr. Buchanan—not come out boldly, and say "MR. BUCHANAN is our CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT of the U. S. in 1844 and we will elect him if we can, by all honorable means. Mr. Van Buren has been President once, let the office go round." This would at least have had the appearance of Democracy. But no. They plaster him up with fulsom flattery and sugar plumbs with one hand; while they are playing the dagger with the other, for their OWN interest. Away with such double dealings; Words are only words. Let actions speak, take the following sample, in the same breath, and in the same paper.

ADDRESS.

To the Democratic Citizens of the State of Pennsylvania.

"At a stated meeting of the Democratic *Hickory* Club for the city and county of Philadelphia, held on the 2d of May, 1843, it was.

Unanimously resolved' That an address be issued to the Democratic citizens of the State of Pennsylvania urging upon them the necessity of speedy preparations and organization, with a view to the next presidential election' and recommending to them the selection of MARTIN VAN BUREN, of New *York*, as a candidate for that office.

HENRY HORN, President.

GEORGE W. DOHNERT, Secretary."

What can Hon. J. Buchanan say to this? What will other HONEST Democrats say? What will the people say! Why they will sleep on over the volcano.

The address of the club takes up two columns and 1-4 of the Globe which Mr. Buchanan can read at his leisure, we have laid it by, for future comment. Our opinion is, that the address was prepared in this city!

They are playing the same game with General CASS, Senator CALHOUN and Col. JOHNSON. The popularity of those great men makes them quake.

What is it to them? Are they the people? What insolence. It is come to fine pass.

We contend it is "unconstitutional" for a set of printers—Editors, or what you please—who have neither property, nor principle, to govern—dictate to, and bully the people of these U. S. By this means the Press has become an enemy, instead of a guard to liberty, and that such is the present state of the American political press, is clear, from ocular demonstration.

Besides, a party leader, will not support, or employ an editor but under a pledge that he will shake hands with honor and honesty, and cling to his party sink or swim, and let his country go to the dogs, and none but one who has nothing to lose, would accept the offer on such terms. Let the people look to this matter.

One word more. Look to this new movement—the "Oregan Convention" who does it mean?

THE BELLIGERENTS.

The War has broke out a fresh nothing but the "cut and thrust" pen-points can satisfy these Democracy. Heros of type and Ti. Oh! Sirs but here will be hot work: Ink must rise "sure"

Religion love' and conquest, have often been the cause of bloody Wars. But all this took place in the dark ages. Yet here we are in this enlightened age coming by the tears about pure Democracy, they ought to have a lot of tracts or a fresh suply of sound Phylosophy.

The Madisonian brings the serious charge of forgery and libelling against the Globe. The Globe insinuates he was threaten with a duel, we suspect it came from that bloody John Jones. Jonney says F. P. forged the words "Foreman to the Madisonian" to a note adressed by a Mr. Towers (in reply) to a Mr. Johnson of the Globe office, and there printed. The Globe editor does not deny the charge but says "he" Mr. Towers.

"Is a little fellow, about five feet and a 'chaw' of tobacco high, and cannot hurt us or even make us mad."

Mr. towers we did not know before that a man's size was taken into Democracy accounts. He may have a big soul, and a big heart. *He* writes a prompt genteel letter which we see in the Globe.

We have not seen the particulars of the libell case, unless the gadsby letter.

PHILADELAHIA DEATH OF MR: RIDGEWAY.

Bad and good news from this city. We are greived more than language can express at the death of our friend, and Patron the amiable JACOB RIDGEWAY Esq Excellent man! Peace to thy shade! May angels waft thy spirit hence.

Though unknown to his sorrowing family—with the exception of Dr. RUSH we beg leave to sympathize with them in their bereavment! We are glad his immence estate will not fall into the hands of strangers, as did Girards.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

We are happy to acknowledge the kindness of Heaven in preserving one generous friend to us yet, and thank him most gratefully for his kind letter and its contents, which came safe to hand on the 9th instant. He was the first friend we met with in Philadelphia many years since and has continued so until this day.

May Heaven reward him a thousand fold!

We trust some more of our friends will recollectus, and follow his noble, example we sent a note to each of them three weeks since but have not heard the result.

NEW PAPERS.

We have now before us three new paper of this city. The german Gazette, the Spectator, and the capitol, (the two last named came by accident.) The Lancaster Democrat the Ledger from Columbus Ia. and one other from Macon Geo. ought to have been here but some thief has "stoled" it.

We are bound in politiness, to notice these papers. But just recovering from a slight cold we find we have extended our labors, as far as may be prudent the present. But next week gentlemen, we are yours.

"MR. VAN BUREN AND THE ONE TERM PRINCIPLE.—The Washington Spectator a Calhoun paper, publishes the following extract from a letter from Mr. Van Buren to Mr. Reynolds, of Illinois, dated March the 6th 1841. Tempora mutantur et nos. &c.

"*No one can expect, or should desire, to be always in office under a Government and institutions like ours, and I have enjoyed the privilege long enough to satisfy my utmost ambition.*'—Torchlight.

We were always of the opinion that Mr. Van Buren cared nothing about the office. Nor does he now, but the cabale does. They want to get their hands in the treasury again.

It is with no little emotion we announce the fact that another little idol of the domestic circle has been taken from our midst by the ruthless hand of violence, 'Man's inhumanity to pigs' is awful! It is but a short time—just following the demise of than good and gentle old creature, our lamentered cow, by mad rain—since we announced the sudden exit into eternity, by falling in a well, of the venerable mother of our three little black pigs. We then thought cruel fate had done its worst, that our cup of woe was full and that we had had our share of earthly calamities. But alas who shall set bounds to human misfortunes? Who shall say I have borne my share of the crosses and the trials of humanity, and the unseen ministers of the gods will no more molest! Who can place his right thumb to's nose and waving the four remaining digits in the air exclaim 'Fate thou hast done thy d—— dest!"

Left tender orphans, at an early age, our three poor little black pigs depended solely on us for nourishment and protection, during their helpless infancy and we do say that they received both in no stinted measure, at our hands until meal got to be so scarce in consequence of the enormous demand for bustles, that we were obliged to send them forth to root for a livelihood. For a little while they returned ever and anon to the home of their pighood, and would frisk about and wag their little tails as if happy at finding themselves at 'home sweet home,' and grateful for past favors. But ah! the cruel spoiler came seized two of the unoffending innocients, and MARKED them, for his own and we saw no more of them! We murmer'd not much however, at the loss of these precious ones—for food was carce, and we indulged the hope that they had gone in their young innocencercy or another and a better world—where hunger is unknown and little piggies are at rest—and besides, we had this to comfort us, that one had escaped the steel of the stealer, and would doubtless be spared us But again we were doomed to chew the bitter cud of misfortune. The pig grew in grease and comeliness and every day came up to our door sound in every part until a few days since, when he presented himself wrimed and mutilated at our threshold! This was the unkindest cut of all! *We* can add no more. Dol. demo.

A most infamous and calumnious charge appeared in the last Grenada Herald, against the late Democratic State Convention. No less a charge than that one objection "to nominating one of our distinguished representatives in Congress to a re-election" was that "he wore straps on his breeches!' Under such a charge we cannot" hold our temper!. We have borne all the reproaches of the Tribune and the Guard, with pious fortitude and christian resignation. With mild and angelic composure, we have submitted to hear the honorable body of which our bosom friend Augustus Pipp Simcox was an honorable member, denounced as the "Jackson Clyk" the "Price & Ko. Kawkuss," &c.; &c.— because such vague denunciation were not, like this charge of hostility to STRAPS, certain to damn the Convention to everlasting ignominy in the estimation of the man millinary interest. But at this most monstrous, foul false and infamous allegation, our patience has all vanished, and a pair of the stoutest and tightest KIND of straps can hardly keep us from jumping out of our breeches, so fierce and fiery is our indignation, at this present writing, at the bloody villain, who originated the mountainous lie. Hail and scissors! opposed to straps! We call for the name of the individual who fathers the charge. Is he in the pale of chivalry? Who is his tailor? Does he wear straps and corsets? Does he sport whiskers? Are his mustaches unexceptionable? In one word he considered a gentleman? if yea, we pronounce him a measurless Liar and an inhuman Pupy: Our friend Parson Ives, is authorised to act as our friend. Fi-ah faggots!' opposed ao straps!. Dem his *melt*! Phew! Di, nah? fan me quick! Waith? a pitchah of watah and a tumblah, or I shall ex,piah, with chol, ah at this ojus fel,ah? I—shall—demme?

He who speaks lightly of female society, is either a numskull or a knave—the former not having sense enough to discern its benefits, and the latter hatting the restraint it lays upon his vices. DOL, DEMO,

Our interesting friend Bob reminds us of the Fox who was so unfortunate as to get his tail squeezed off by a steel trap, and afterward, that he might not be the only fox without a bustle boa, gravely advised his fellow foxes to be curtailed of their serpentine proportions by and supported his modest proposition by a speech full of twistified facts, labrinthien logic mystified nonsense with here and there a little hog latin interspersed for all the world just such a speech as a Bondpaying attorney makes to prove Peter should be robbed for the convenience of Paul. Bob wants Thompson and Gwin to assail Hagan publicly, in order that they may be as badly cut up by the Doctor as doon Bob has been. With a cunning old Fox! DOL DEMO,

Old bachelors do not live so long as othermen They have nobody to darn their stockings and mend their clothes. They catch cold and there is nobody to make them sage tea; consequently, they drop off.

POETRY:

There lived an honest fisherman—
I knew him passing well—
Who dwelt hard by a little poud
Within a little dell.
A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod;
So even ran his line of life,
His neigbors though it odd.
For science and for books, he said,
He never had a wish;
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a 'school of fish.'

This single minded fisherman
A double calling had—
To tend his flocks in winter time,
In summer, fish for shad.
in short, this honest fisherman
All other toils forsook,
A though no vagrant man was he,
He lived by "*hook and crook.*"

All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient *log*,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he,
His *angles* all were *right*:
And when he scratch'd his aged *poll*,
You'd know he'd got a bite,

To charm the fish, he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine.
He found the most convenient way
Was just to "*drop a line*,'

And many a "*gudgeon*" of the pond,
If made to speak to,day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty "taking way.'

One day while fishing on the log,
He mourned his want of luck,
When suddenly he felt a bite.
And jorking—caught a duck.

Alas! that day the fisherman
Had taken too much grog.
And being but a landsman, too'
He could not'. keep the log'.
In vain he strove with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore:
Down, down he went to feed the fish
Hed baited oft before!

Nhe moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear—
A single "drop too much' of rum
May make a watery bier.

And he who will not "sign the pledge,
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a stiff
Cold.water man at last!

SIGNS AND WONDERS;

I saw a sight
the other night
That did my eyes surprise?
A streak of light
Of chalky white
Stretched half across the skies
A comets tail:
I should say trail—
Dragged over the pale faced moon?
And these words in the heavens *I* did behold—
They were printed in letters of crimson and gold:
The *Earth* is gone Coon?

The other day
I heard 'em say
A cokerel did chance to lay:
An old hen crowed,
A jackass lowed,
And calves like colts did neigh,
All day and night
With all her might,
Aunt Peg her cream did churn:
When morning came,
'Twas the same—
To butter 'twouldn't turn.

Said she,
'*I see*
All Naters's turned,
The airth is shortly to be burned,
For *Nater* strays from *Nater's* laws
Without assigning any cause—
And that's the reason why my butter wont stay churned.
The earth begings to quake,
To tremble and to shake
Through awe and fear
That this dire year
Will some sad mischief make,
And yet I'll bet,
Say six to four,
The world will *wag* for ages more.

A gentleman popping his head through a tailor's shop window, exclaimed—"what o'clock is it by your lapboard?" upon which the tailor lifted up his lapboard and struck him a blow on the head—auswering, 'it has just struck one,

An OLD Bachelor in Boston, was fined $52 and costs last week, for saluting the rosy lips of a young lady against her will, The lips were said to be the most tempting pair every displayed, and the Bachelor pleaded guilay to the charge. the *Aurora* calls his sentence a hard one, especialy as the culprit had so coplete a bustificatiod of hisrdeed, from the,s own lips. *A* young man of 14 late married a girl of 13 at Quebec the boy imposed upon the clergyman by wearing false whiskers and the girl, by a small quantity of the article so successfully employed by Gen, Jackson, as breastworks, at New Orleans, 'on the glorious *Eighth*,

A GENIUS FOR *DRAWING*.—'What are you drawing on your slate, Tom said a schoolmaster to a little urchin.

'A house and a pig, sir?' was the reply.

'Why—I see no hog but a house—where's the pig?'

'Oh, sir—the pig's behind the house.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A New Enterprise.

By the former Editor of the Saturday,

Evening Post and Saturday Courier Comprising the fruits of twenty years experience in the Newspapr business the, aid of the most distinguished newspaper writers of the day, a valurable Goreign Correspondence! with troops of Literary friends and the determination to publish a Newspaper or all classes, which;

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For 20, dollars in current funds, 16 copies of the Newspaper, will be forwarded, securely packed, to any part of the United States. 3 copies for 5. Dollars. All orders and communications to be addressed, free of postage, to.

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SHANNON COUNTRY, MISSOURI.

WOULD now ask the attention of capitalists to these Copper Mines, rice in ore, yielding from 40 to 66 per cent, of copper, which, by a single process of smelting, is equal to the South American refined pig—so pronounced by Messrs McKim & Co., of Baltimore, to whom several shipments were made by the "Mine a la Motte Mining Company." Situated near the junction of Jack's Fork and the Current river, within half a mile of either stream and near waterpower for all manufacturing purposes, and under a sunny clime in the vicinity of agricultural lands equal to the best in Missouri: surrounded by hills bearing inexaustible forests, and rising to mountains whence flow pure and never failing springs forming navigation six months in the year,—Nature with a profuse hands seems to have omitted but few facilities for manufacturing and transporting the product of the copper mines. Believing this property of all the vast and fertile Mississippi valley may be made the most safe and profitable investment of capital, I will propose a disposition of a portion (by sale or otherwise,) on liberal terms. by which to enlist the agency of capitalists, and make it productive.

Miners may obtain mining lots, by application to S. Chilton at the mines.

P. S. The above described mines, since the year 1837, have been held, in a measure, unproductive by conflicting claims. The first located confirmed Spanish grants on them, which James Whitcomb, then Commissioner, decided were not confirmed. I then acquired title under Mr. James Thompson who held by floating pre-emption right when Joseph Slater the agent and tool of an extensive by Josias Berryman one of said company, both of whom have villainies are convicted by two facts of bribery and perjury on which alone was set at naught by Whitcomb who was successful in the change of Commissioners an investigation was had and my title confirmed. See report of Cone! T. J. Allen register of the land office and the decision of the General land Office as published in the Globe November 7th 1843 also decision of the Hon. Mr. Forward Secretary of the treasury, confirming the Commissioner decision

J. EPES COWAN

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GEORGETOWN APRIL 4, 1849;

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THE subscriber having taken the PERSE- VERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, formerly oc- cupied by John Hancock, a few doors south corner of 6th street and Pennsylvania Avenue, begs *leave* to inform the Public that his Bar is urnished with as good Spituous Liquors Wine Porter Ale and Cider as in any other establish ment ie the city—and he intends keeping a constant ayply of the best Oysters cooked in every and for private families.

WILLIAM BENTER.

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FARE 2 dollars cheaper than any other line Frederick or Wheeling.

The Fredericktown stage leaves the office opposite Gadsby's Hotel, daily, for Frederick and Wheeling. Passengers securing their seats at th place or in Baltimore, have a decided preference over all other passengers that steam it, for this reason.

The stage will leave Fredericktown daily on the arrival of the Western stages, and arrive at Washington in time to take all Southern routes. by this line the passengers will arrive at Winchester the same day.

The coaches and teams on this route are of the first quality, with skiltul and attentive dri- vers, and the proprietor pledges himself that every attention and accommodation will be gi- ven to the passengers who give this line their patronage.

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TAYLOR.

cure s eats for Wheeling ao Pittsburg, by ap plyingato the conductors f the Washingto Railroud cars, which will entitle them to prece dence apon their arrival at Hancock over al other way-passengers.

Passengers wishing to proceed direct to th West will take the morning train of cars from Weashington at 6 o'clock for the Relay House wnere they can breakfast, and take the West- Chterin for Hancock immediately afterward.

For further information apply to S. ST NIUS. Agent Balt. and Wash. Railra

MICHAEL McDERMOTT wishes to in form his customers and the Public in general that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING BUSINESS, in all its branches, on Penn, avenue between Third and Four-and a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c. made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hopes a strict attention to business, to receive ashare of public patron- age.

STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

The subscriber having taken the large and commodious Hotel on Seventh street, one door from the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue, facing Centre Market, formerly occupied by John Lloyd, Esq.

Of this long established house, for conveni ence and comfortable apartments, little need be said. The subscriber, also long known to the Public, is prepared to accommodate board- ars and travellers at the shortest notice. His teble is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords, prepared by experienced cooks, and attentive servants.

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The proprietor feels grateful for the liberal patronage he has received, and hopes by un- ceasing attention and low charges to meet the approbation of all who may honor him with their company.

WM. GADSBY, Proprietor,

TO SUIT THE TIMES—TOBACCO CIGARS, SNUFE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

—The subscriber respect- fully informs his friends, and the public en- erally, but he has commenced the above busi- ness at No. 6. east of Gadsby's Hotel. Hav- ing an experience of four or five yeors, and a thorough practical knowledge of the manufac ture of Tobocco in all its varieties, it may con fidently be expected that he will keep constant ly on hand the most excellent articles. (and at ncommon low prices too.) in the Tobacco line, imported into this country. He hopes, by a devotedness to his business, to meet with en- couragement from a generous public, whom it will be his greatest, desire to please. He has now in store, and for sale, the following choice brands of Tobacco, Cigars. and *Snuff*;

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Regalia	Principe Pereza
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SNUFFS.

President's Mizture	Rappee
Maccaboy	Natchitoches
Congress	[snuff Boxes of b,

N. B. The undersigned will de business on the cash system, and consequently will be able to furnish goods at least 25 per cent. cheap- per than any other establishment in the Dis- trict. All goods sold by the subscriber as war- ranted can be returned if not found to be what s represented. W. H. WINTER.

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This is a new tavern recently opened by MI CHAEL McDERMOTT, at that popular stand for- merly occupied by Mr. McGuire, immediately opposite the car office, on Pennsylvania Ave- nue. Mr. McD. has long been known to the public as a successful carriage maker, and a most amiable man.

He has fitted up the house in a neat and com- modious style, and solicits a portion of the pub- lic patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with ood beds and stables.

$100 REWARD.

DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND.

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strict- tures, Diabets or difficulty in making water and all other unnatural discharges from uretha of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medi cine fail to effect a cure where it has been akd n according to directions, return the emptst- ial and get back the money. Why then spenfo both time and money with such quacknose- rums as cannot be depended upon: when u $1, you can purchase a pleasant sure and spoe.p cure, composed solely of vegetable ynb stance! One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or weo will prove that it con ains any mineral substance whatever.

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JOHN PURDON.

NEW GUIDE TO WASHINGTON.

By G. Watterston, Esq—The above work just published, with a frontispiece of the Statue of Washington by Greenough, and con- tains every thing relating to the history of Washington, and its progress and improvement since its origin to he citizen and stranger, and is a perfect guide to all its object of curiosity, and to every thing that a stranger would be desirous to make himself acquainted with, while a sojourner in it, or a resident abroad. tgives a true picture of Washington, though not a mere picture book—half its institutions, works of art, &c., are briefly but satisfactorily described. It sketches its usages customs, manners, and religious and moral tone of its society—public buildings, literary, social, and other institutions—its location, the condition of the legal and medical professions, its growth and character o fits resident population—gives an abstract of its municipal regulations, civil and criminal courts—duties of the principal executive officers of the General Government, of the committees of Congress, and a great va- riety of useful, local, and general information which a resident as well as a stranger would be pleased to possess. Among the descriptions of the societies which have been organized in Washington, are two at considerable length, and of great interest—one, of the National In- stitution, and the other of the Society of Odd Fellows.

The work is printed in a neat and handsome style, of over 200 pages, and for sale at the book-store of R. FARNHAM, corner of 11th street and Pennsylvania avenue.

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These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause; dis- tinguished by the same disagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregulat action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system—they may all be detected by presure upon the sides of the vertebra and glands of the neck which elicits the Electro- magnetic remedies: The latter are accompani. ed by a compendious medical treatise, explain- ng the principles of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied. In this work Dr. Sher- wood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particle of animate and inanimate matter either in a negative or positive state of electro and that every motion, in all matter, whether in the lar- gest masses or in the smallest particles, is pro- duced by the attracting and repelling force uni- versal principle. The morbific-n whichproduces disease of the organs or nerves seems to be occasioned by the undue prepon- derance of one of these forces in the system and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this catens the very seeds of the disease are eran mased, and a permanent cure effected, even d ecases where all hope of relief from other sources is abandoned. The Electro-Magnetic remer dies are the only preparations applicable to this prevailing class of diseases and they never disap point the confidence reposed in them these symptoms of the class of diseases to which they are applicable can be discovered, under the directions contained in the work whichaccom- panies it, without the aid of a physician, and can be used with perfect safety and success with- out dieting orinconvenience.

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